

Backstab!

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Summary: One-shot, short story about a round of CS with Headshot. PG for one curse word.

Backstab!

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><br>A kinda-funny round of Counter-Strike between me and Headshot on the map derats. I remembered it when I read Matthew Buckley's "Alfred Proops, Sniper Extraordinaire".

><br>Oh yeah. Go read that. It's pure hilarity.

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><br>The metal rungs were cold against his gauntleted hands as he climbed up the ladder.

><br>Kesenai was prepared for almost anything. His IDF Galil Defender was fully loaded, and the safety was off. The Sig Sauer P228 in its holster was equally deadly, if not more.

><br>The terrorist reached the top of the refrigerator and looked around cautiously, unslinging his automatic rifle. Scooting over to the edge, he dropped to a half-crouch, brown eyes flicking around, scanning the exits for his adversary.

><br>Strange.

><br>Headshot usually appeared either on top of the dishrag, behind the books, before the stove, or in front of the table. If he guessed correctly, he could kill the counter-terrorist easily, and if he was lucky, earn a headshot.

><br>But today he was not coming out of any of the exits. Just to be safe, he checked the mousehole under the table.

><br>Not there either.

><br>The ventilator made the red bandanna tied to his head flap around madly, obscuring his vision. Frowning, he took it off and shoved it in his pocket.

><br>Where \_was\_ he?

><br>Sighing, he knew that when Headshot took this long to arrive, he was either away from his computer, or he was camping, the latter usually not happening.

><br>As a result, he sat in the corner, and lit a cigarette. The

aromatic smoke soothed his jumpy nerves, and it could act as a smoke-cover too.

><br>One minute passed.

><br>Headshot still had not arrived. Frowning, he chucked the cigarette away, down the shaft which he had come up, and resumed his guarded crouch.

><br>Had he been carefully listening, he would have noticed a yelp.

><br>There! A flicker of movement.

><br>The coffee table.

><br>Kesenai pumped the trigger, sending a fiery stream towards the detergent box labelled "Pop Dog". The red box was torn apart, and the soap powder spilled out in a landslide. He only let go when the whole supply of ammunition in the magazine was used up, and he waited for the satisfying sound of "Terrorists Win!" .

><br>But no Headshot.

><br>Then where the heck \_was\_ he?!

><br>Kesenai got his answer as he felt a sharp pain spreading across his rear.

><br>Ass-slashed!

><br>END

End  
file.